

WOMAN MEDICAL STUDENT FROM TURKEY TALKS TO M'LISS

Tells of Deplorable Condition Among Women and the Great Need for Good Doctors in the Land of the Crescent

SHE did not greet me in the costume that is the popular conception of a Turkish woman's habiliment. Nor was there a cheroot dangling from her cherry lips. Instead, Miss Marika Lambichi, who was born in Constantinople and who has come all the way from Smyrna to study to be a doctor at the Woman's Medical College here, presented an exceedingly trim and smart appearance in her pale crepe blouse and tailored skirt, as she told me all about the land of the crescent, the fez and the harem, and the great good that a woman doctor ought to be able to accomplish there.

"The stupidity of the Turkish woman," she said, only her staccato accent and swarthy skin revealing the fact that she is not a born American, "is something deplorable. There are absolutely no schools for her, and only in the very richest and advanced families, where governesses are employed, no attempt is made to give her any education at all.

"Even in those families where governesses are engaged the girls are taught only a little French and perhaps a little German. It is not thought necessary for them to know anything. The men regard them as inferior creatures of the lowest caste. They have their separate compartments and live in a different part of the house from the men. There is positively no intellectual intercourse of any kind. Except when they are on the street—which isn't often, and then they are veiled—they never see any men but those of their own family. If one wants to enjoy life at all in Turkey one must belong to the foreign population. There is no other salvation for a woman.

"Turkish doctors are years behind the times. They go to Greece and study a little; but there is no standard. They practice quackery mostly. For real treatment they are dependent on the foreign doctors.

"But a Turk does not like a strange man attending his wife. Therefore, there is much misery and suffering among the women which ought to be alleviated. And I do not think there is one woman doctor in all Turkey."

Miss Lambichi believes that the way of the woman doctor in Turkey will not be a smooth one. The status of women is so low that the establishment of confidence in a woman practitioner is bound to be a slow and difficult process.

"I should infinitely prefer staying here in America and bringing my family over here, where everything is so nice," Miss Lambichi said, "but I feel that it is a real duty to go there. The need is so dire and, although one person can only accomplish a little of what ought to be accomplished to lift the women from their great apathy, still I feel that it will be wrong to withhold that little. Therefore, if war conditions permit, I shall probably go back after I graduate this year."

To Arms! The Amazons Are Upon Us!

The first squeal has been made. We all knew it was coming, but we didn't believe it would arrive so soon. Prof. Marion Phillips, of London, says that after the war the men are going to have an awful time showing women their proper places.

We have been permitted to work in the fields and the munition factories; in the suburbs and on the street cars. We have even demonstrated that we can do a man's work well. More, we have shown that despite lack of training and the handicap of tradition, we can rise to a crisis and conduct the everyday affairs of nations while the men do each other to death on the bloody fields of battle.

"But," says Professor Phillips, "the very efficiency and adaptability of the women is in itself a danger, so long as it is not combined with the industrial pride which demands a fair return for the amount of labor given."

Whose fault is it, I ask, if we do not get a fair return for the amount of work given? For some reason or other, it has been decreed that the economic value of a woman is not so great as that of a man. Women resent this and gradually their resentment is crystallizing into a determination to demand equal pay for equal labor.

But what about the predilection of the Professor that, due to industrial conditions, a sex war will follow this international conflict? Attempts to force women back into the niche they occupied before the war will be accompanied by bloodshed, it is predicted!

Why force? Why not a fair, open competition, with the best man or best woman winning? The women will have to live after the war as well as the men. Of course, they will fight for the right, if a fight is necessary.

The French Reputated

"Don't dress your girls like French dolls!" "Billy" Sunday shouted at an audience of Trenton mothers the other day. But they in their wisdom smiled and said nothing, knowing that even the cleverest man is bound to make a mistake when he treads on feminine sartorial ground.

Read any of the authoritative style magazines and you will discover that American girls are dressing less and less like French dolls, and that one of the biggest victories of the present bloody age is being won by the women of the western hemisphere in their battle with the Paris couturiers.

The most telling blow, perhaps, was struck when, after several years of glorious freedom of the waistline, the French corset-makers tried to foist on us the "nipped in" model, that, if you've ever worn one you will agree with me, should be classed with thumb-screws and other implements of torture of the Spanish Inquisition.

The American woman, despite the fact that nearly all of the comfortable corsets were withdrawn from the market, reputated it. She would not look like a cross between a Botticelli portrait and an hourglass. Having been permitted to expand her lungs to their fullest extent, she refused to have that privilege withdrawn. And, lo! now we are able to get the kind of corsets that we want.

No one denies the fact that the French are creative artists; that some of their modes are the result of pure inspiration; that their workmanship is unsurpassed, and their feeling for color combination superb. We are willing to give them the full meed of praise that is their due, but the day of autocratic domination is over.

They may still make the frocks and hats for the American woman; but they must make what she wants, must conform to her type and taste. Due to the impoverished condition of their native patrons, the French dressmakers will have to look to us almost exclusively in the future to buy their wares. This puts us in the position of dictators. We are no longer slaves.

Letters to the Editor of the Woman's Page

Address all communications to M'LISS, care of the Evening Ledger. Write on one side of the paper only.

Dear M'LISS—I have several very beautiful centrepieces worked in solid embroidery. Would you advise me to have them laundered by an expert? Or can you tell me a good way of doing them up myself?

I should think that with a little care you could do them very nicely yourself. Wash with a pure white soap in warm water. Rinse well and blue slightly. Then, when they are partly dry, iron face downward on a Turkish towel. The embroidery will stand out beautifully.

Dear M'LISS—Can you give me a recipe for keeping my hands soft and white? I have to wash them so often because of my work that they are in a constant state of roughness in the winter.

The following is said to be a good lotion: Two tablespoonfuls of quince seed, one ounce of glycerin, one pint of water and six tablespoonfuls of alcohol. The seed should be placed in the water overnight on the back of the stove or on a radiator, where it will keep warm. In the morning it should be strained and the glycerin and alcohol added. A few drops of perfume is a pleasant addition.

Dear M'LISS—Please let me know how to take ink spots out of a child's linen dress. It is white.

Make a mixture of lemon juice and salt and rub it on the stain. Then place the spotted part of the dress over a bowl, holding it taut, and pour boiling water on it. Then put a saucer or soap plate over it and let it steam for five minutes. Repeat several times and the stain will disappear.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS



SPORT SUIT FOR BUSINESS OR COLLEGE GIRL

THIS mappish suit of homespun is very serviceable for general wear. The large patch pockets give a wealth of comfort, besides adding an air of smartness to the costume. The belt may be worn plain or turned in, as shown in the illustration. A semitinted Norfolk jacket with large plaits at the back sounds the note of simplicity and practical lines, as shown in the newer models for early spring. The suit comes in pepper and salt mixture, or in green and navy invisible plaid. The skirt is made in three pieces to give width, and the coat is unlined, so that it may be worn with a sweater underneath on chilly spring days, as well as in the cold season. The price is \$22.50. See Toy is the name given the little hat, fashioned of black leather. A single bow of the leather is seen at one side, and the brim is bound with grosgrain ribbon. It may be had in colors at \$4.98.

Full particulars as to the place where this garment may be purchased can be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Editor of the Woman's Page, Evening Ledger, 608 Chestnut Street. Please mention the date on which the article appeared.

Marion Harland's Corner

Letters for a Girl

I AM only a schoolgirl of 16, who desires to help your Corner. I am pretty busy with school work, but if any one would care to correspond with me, though my letters must be rather irregular, I shall be glad to answer. My letters will be mostly about my school work. Please let me hear soon if any one wishes my name. I prefer to write to a girl about my own age, but will answer all letters sent to me.

Working Among the Poor

"I see that the Corner has some books and music to give away. You once sent me the address of a correspondent who gave us a set of encyclopedias that helped us in our church work, and which we acknowledged at once. I have always wanted a teacher's Bible for my own. Our work is among poor people and we never buy luxuries. We have two children and are trying to help others besides ourselves with their children. I go among them when physically able and show them how to make over. I wonder if there is a woman who could spare a dress form, a 36 bust? I can only give good wishes for all. MRS. E. W."

One of the band of home missionaries whom the Corner delights to honor by every means in our power. If there be any of the bountiful store of music and books offered left in the keeping of those who put it at our service may I hope they will write for the address of our faithful yokefellow? And can she get the dress form? I hold her address.

Has Warm Floors Now

"I am thanking your Corner and Mrs. H. M. for the rugs and some carpet strips that I received. God only knows how thankful I am. I can now cover my floors and keep them warm. My father has been sick in bed since October. He can get up now, as the floors are not so cold for his poor old feet. God bless you and the wonderful Corner and the good people who give us poorer people things we can use so nicely! I do hope the day is not far off when I can help some needy person. HELEN P."

We get genuine comfort from your story and reciprocate the blessings you invoke upon the Corner. May the warmth of the floor and room lengthen the life of the dear old father.

Has Use for a Bicycle

"I received the card sent by W. H. W. through you to me. In reply I will say I thank you very much for your efforts to get me the much-coveted bicycle. I am only sorry that the donor lives so far away. I can't take advantage of his offer. I sent him a letter, inclosing a diagram which I hope will help him solve his bell problem. I repeat my offer to your Corner, have some magazines which I should like to take to any old person, shut-in or lonely one and read to them evenings. Any other way that I may help the Corner please let me know. I

Crosses

There is a cross—a cross of iron. The gift of an iron hand. Who wears it over his iron heart. He must relentlessly do his part For the sake of the Fatherland. And deal with bullet and bayonet thrust. Death and despair—alas, he must!

There is another cross; it is Simply a cross of red. Who wears it knows neither friend nor foe. But pity only; and to and fro, In the wake of the carnage dread, He is swift to carry relief from pain, And, to the tortured, strength again.

Working to save, salvation's own Sign he may fairly don. The bursting shells and the shrapnel dust Fall, all unheeded; if die he must, He will die—but his work lives on; He is tender, tireless, and none more brave; Fighting always—to cheat the grave.

If it is true a day is due When reckoning shall be made, Who then will face the tribunal dread, Among the ranks of the risen dead, Calm, steadfast, and unafraid? In the dawn of that Resurrection Morn, Which crosses then will be proudly worn? —Beatrice Barry, in New York Times.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I never was so broke before. My last, lamented cent is gone. I ought to earn a lot of wealth. With such a need to spur me on.



WATCH THE SWIMMING POOL; IT SHOULD BE SANITARY PLACE

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

THE only brand of underwear we can truly term hygienic is a clean, healthy skin. The public swimming pool, the swimming school, the public bath and the old swimming hole in swimming season are all hygienic factors. Yet, like the common drinking cup, the common bath is open to disease germs every day in the year, hence a possible source of infection.

Typhoid fever has certainly been transmitted from carrier to victim in the swimming pool, no matter whether the pool be owned by club, school, city, private individual, steamship or religious organization. The water of the pool should be examined at definite intervals for coliform bacilli just as in the control of a source of drinking water.

Bathers should be required to furnish a certificate from their physician stating that they are free from contagious disease. Furthermore, although it seems a paradox, bathers should be compelled to bathe before entering the pool, for the same reason that a cook should wash her hands before she handles the strawberries. Frequent reffiling and dilution of the water in the tank will tend to keep it pure. Refiltration of the water is equally efficient when combined with chemical disinfection of the water. The larger the pool the more sanitary it will be. The smaller the number of persons using it the more sanitary the pool. The most efficacious chemical disinfectant for the water of the swimming pool is calcium hypochlorite, added in sufficient quantity to make a proportion of one part of chlorine to one million of water—and added to the water often enough to keep the proportion at that ratio.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Second Attack of Whooping Cough. Can a child catch whooping cough the second time? Answer—Possibly, but it would be doubtful. Better have the child thoroughly examined at once.

The Common Cigar Cutter. What complaints have been made against the common cigar cutter as a transmitter of disease? Answer—The same complaint as has

Advertisement for Fleck Bros. Plumbing, featuring a man working on a pipe and the text: "I Always Specify Fleck Bros. Plumbing" —says the conscientious Architect. Fleck fixtures are beautiful in design. They embody several exclusive features. They are made for MORE than life-time service. And they are absolutely guaranteed by their maker.

SOCIETY GIRL QUIT BOREDOM TO AID OTHERS IN HOME-MAKING

Miss Eleanor Sylvester, of Main Line, Conducts Business Making Furnishing and Decorations "Livable like"—Glories in Work

"HOME-MAKING and decorating seemed to me to be so purely a woman's business that I just took to it naturally and hardly felt that I was working," said Miss Eleanor Sylvester, of Haverford, one of the many Main Line girls socially prominent, who have taken up a business career within the last year or two, when asked how she chanced to start in that particular line.

"I had always been interested in decorating houses and arranging furniture, and I knew that there was a splendid opening for a shop that would have only the best and the most artistic articles along household lines out here in the suburbs. When I tired of doing nothing but the usual social stunts, I saw that the broader field of life lay outside the home, and my desire to be doing something worth while led me to follow my own bent and try house-furnishing and decorating, with the result that I have been far more successful than I ever dreamed."

Miss Sylvester has some unusual ideas about showing her furniture and bric-a-brac. She has only a few things on view, and everything is in use in its proper place, as if it were in a home, so that the would-be purchaser sees at once how useful and beautiful the articles are. There is no need, for instance, of hunting along rows of candlesticks or lamps to find the one particular kind that fits your purse or taste or glances around at the other country houses, just as you would see it in your own home, with books and flowers near and a low chair, ready for you to read.

PSYCHOLOGY OF PURCHASE. Miss Sylvester has other different ideas, too, that could be carried out only in a suburban field. She has a trellis garden arched with perennial blooms, in which she not only displays her garden furniture, but serves tea to her friends. Thereby she sells not only the furniture, but teacups and teapots as well. "There is nothing," she says, "like letting people get attached to a certain piece of furniture or china if you want purchasers of them. In the home-furnishing line one often sees a chair or table that she would like to have, but it is impossible to ask what it cost, and it came from. Here at my 'home-makers' store, I have a list of prices, and they enjoy doing it."

Her ambition is to have an entire row with every room furnished as it would be and everything for sale, so that she may order any or every article for their own homes. Beyond that, she says, this is a dim hope and she may furnish and run an inn in every detail as to furnishing and decorations that will be a delight to the senses.

"LIVABLE" HOMES. America, Miss Sylvester thinks, is in its most artistic stage, though she finds that there is much education in this line still to be done among a majority of people. She advocates a method of giving over a house to decorators or of buying any articles or hangings because they have to be "the latest thing," without regard to suitability. Houses that should be homes primarily, and not places, and they should look as if they were lived in. For that reason she is against the present Colonial styles and is in favor of suburban and country houses, the odd futuristic styles and other decorative schemes are better suited to the narrow city house.

"Do I think business more important than parties and idleness?" she asks. "Well, I think a business training is the best thing in the world for women. It broadens them and lifts them away from the pettiness and useless fussing that the idle women waste their time on."

"And, besides, when one is able to tend a few parties only, they tend to be very dull. Business more to keep women awake and than any amount of parties and parties here every two days, and even the berries can be obtained for a quarter."

Ground Broken for Apartment House. Ground was broken today for the construction of a four-story brick apartment house, 65 by 108 feet, at 415-417 Chestnut street, which will cost \$30,000 and contain apartments for 50 families. The house is being erected by Daniel J. Ford, Jr.

When You Taste the first mouthful of Deerfoot Farm Sausage you'll say: "This is REAL sausage." The memory of it fairly makes your mouth water.

Advertisement for J.B. Sheppard & Sons, featuring a list of items and prices: Undermuslins for women (French, Philippine and Domestic), Broken lots and discontinued lines, Fancy Waists (of Georgette, Lace, Chiffon, etc., \$1.00 to \$7.50), Cotton Waists (of Voile, Batiste, Organdie, \$1.00 to \$3.50), J.B. Sheppard & Sons, 1008 Chestnut St.

MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS

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ONE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL

